THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 16, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1094.

Original Poetry.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

When cobblers conner down like a blight on the heart,
And the tailors mere trousers to wear and destroy,
When from off that vest we hear we are doom'd to depart,
Though we wonder afar, it is sweet to believe,
There's yet one that will brighten, a heart that will learn,
To such our departure, and grant our return!
In the dews of young summer, in the night of harvest-time;
When the proud beast exults in the strength of its prime,
Let a cause with a fleeting or wrinkle and cold,
It conquers and engraves and leads us at will;
And the sun-light of joy o'er the gilad spirit reigns,
We rejoice in its beauty, but feel not its chains!
It heightens the landscape and perfumes the flower,
And empties with "ripple" each cottage and bower—
Gives grace to the spirit and light to the eye,
And inspires with pleasure the soul as it flies!
Then Mercury's sheen pours its light from the Past,
And a halo of hope o'er the flowers it cast,
And we sigh for no paradise under the sun,
For the earth is an Eden of beauty and bliss,
Where woman is present in the midst of his prayer.
And he prays for his flock while he dreams of the Fair!
It comes—and the heart is transported, and lost in a dream!
The rose lover's Justice grows mellow and plaint,
And the sigh of the zephyr is changed to a strain—
Will talk of pink ribbons and bonnets of satin!
When the bright winter sun has given up the green in the skies,
The maiden looks forth from her latticc, and sighs,
While she muses and ponders, with anxiety wont
The last season's fashions to turn and to front!
Oh! gain me the heart of the maid I love best,
And a vine-covered cot in the solitude of the West,
And, though Pleasure should tempt, it should tempt me in vain.

Though Fashion should have me to follow her train—
Though Lockhaven should point to the palace of fame—
I could turn from these all to that home of my own!
Love is timid and bashful, and crimsoned with blushes,
And seeks through the meadow and valley to conceal—
Resisting the embrace of passion and strife,
And quiet'ning the dust of dead hatred with life!
It heals but the bold knight, in his armor of steel,
Like a slave, at the footstool of Beauty is bared,
And hath severed the mesh spirit of Woman to hear
The flame and the dagger, chain, death and the grave.
At its mandate slide hath the vessel and lord
Doff'd the trappings of power, for the helmet and sword;
And the spirit is lighter that wears the meanest of vests,
Till Death, in reverse them, flung under his chests.
It hath kissed o'er the earth like a breeze of summer,
Red slaughter hath strode in its desolate path,
Till the world the wildness of Love hath seen shaken,
Its lawless hail waste, and their hearth-fires forsaken;
I have followed the track of the legions of war,
From the ring of that monster, the tube bed in the mould—
Have beheld towers and castles, once piled to the sky,
Overthrown and destroyed by the hand of the foe,
And towns sack'd and ruined 'mid the battle-field's din.
The smile of peace her flowers upon all,
As I roamed through the desolate halls of the dead.
And cursed the man who the sword drew,
In the depths of my spirit I silently said.

These, these are thy trophies, invincible Love!
The glory and gladness I chant in the lays,
Are sweeter and purer than earth can impart;
Yet heaven, in the heaven! is the home of the wildness
How dark and despairing the night that comes on!
Pause, pause in the dark! Point Death at the grave across
Awaiting the dawn of a blissful re-morrow!—
But morn lies in heaven, and hope is unbroken,
Whose sighs are understood and whose woes are unspoken.

Whose heart-ones extremity have passed to the tomb,
Or whose sweet buds of promise were nipt ere they bloom'd.

Who are young in sorrow—unbroken, unknown—
Or know'st not the world and joys that have flown?
Mourn for them!—With the laugh and the pot on their lips
Many are mourners, not a single exception!
And now, and and lone, to the grave they are going—
Though they smile as of yore, tears are inwardly flowing;
On their bosom a canker and fingers might have been
To the Sabbath of grief—to the calm of despair!
Mourn for them!—Their hearts are the deepest and rarest
They

Go from the halls of the mirthful to weep!
They were o'er the visions of Love and Beauty,
They were swept in the day-star of Hope down and down,
And they strive to recall them, but vain the endeavor,
Those spells of enchantment are broken forever.
Or, Love—in the sweetest and fairest of flowers
That spring by the wayside, or gladden our bowers;
Ere its opens, it hath the breath of Love in its power,
It may fool on the earth, it must blossom in Heaven!

Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NATURAL SURGEON," "FROM A LAWYER'S POST FOLIO."

> "To write in such a manner now,
> Which men by men will read,
> And pray to them that list to pray."—*Gower*

CHAPTER I.

> "Such sights as youthful poets dream,
> On summer eves by haunted streams."
> *L'Allegro.*

In one of those quiet and romantic glens, through which the Brandywine pours its crystal waters, abundantly over rocky beds and through green meadows, from the pure fountain hills in which it takes its rise, there stands an old stone mansion, whose thick walls, small windows, projecting gables and general appearance of rural comfort, carry the mind back to the very earliest period of the colonial history of Pennsylvania. The house crowns a little knoll at the very bottom of the glen, on the east of the ghen as we have described, just where the hills subside into a narrow plain, through which the river winds in a circuitous channel for a mile or more, after it emerges from the knoll is slight, and its highest point is not above thirty yards from the river. On the top of this knoll the mansion is built, and from the front of it, looks towards the river, and its front looking off in the direction pursued by the Brandywine. Among a hundred spots from the same road, plunging down from the hill on the opposite bank, crosses the stream over a wooden bridge, and after making a short turn to the left, and then turning slowly round a huge overhanging rock, disappears behind the hills that conceal it from the view of the spectator at the house. The point where the road is lost to sight is scarcely two hundred yards from the door of the mansion, but a short distance in point of time, which we have mentioned, the way leadthose off in two opposite directions—one to the interior of the country around, like a spectator, standing at the junction of both roads, cannot trace the course of either for a greater distance than to the bridge over the river. Some circumstances, however, we have not introduced without a purpose—we return to our description of the house.

From what we have said, it will appear that the mansion is surrounded with hills on every quarter but in front, where a small, irregular plain, composed for the most part of rich natural meadow land, opens out with delicious prominence before the eye. Through the centre of this plain the Brandywine flows in a winding manner, its banks occasionally fringed with willows, and its clear waters, that glide noiselessly over the silver sand swept down from the hills above, appear, at the moment we chose with a channel-like brilliancy that almost blinds while it allures the eye. In the rear of the house a far different spectacle is presented, for there the river comes tumbling and foaming down its rocky bed with a rapidity that rouses and dey not night—a murmur that during the winter and spring floods attains the heaviness of a tremendous torrent, but subsides in the still summer months, into a low gurgling sound that lends to the heart an delightful harmony with the gentle recite of the trees and the downy hum of the bees. Along the sides of the river, in the rear of the house, there grows immortelle forest trees, sprinkled here and there with weeping willows, whose long pensile leaves, drooping down on the surface of the stream, were to and fro at the mercial, whistling around the edges of the neighboring rocks, sweeps by with greater or less velocity. Here, on a still morning, you may hear the whistle of the wood pigeon, or the whirr of the woodcock; while anon the lowing of the cattle from the meadows below comes floating up the bed of the river with a strangely musical sound. Here you may sit on some overhanging rock, and looking down into the water beneath, see the fish poised in mid water, and count the silver pebbles that strew the dark grayish bottom of the stream. But enough of this description of scenery, we must to the right hand of the river.

The road, we have said, plunges down from the hill on this side, and crossing a wooden bridge, stretches off in front of the mansion to the north-east. Its precipitous descent to the bridge, and its course in that direction are in consequence in its approach to the house, that the traveller receives his first intimation of the vicinity of a human habitation, and when he comes to the brow of the ascent and sees the mansion lying, as it were, immediately under him. The effect of the surprise is to heighten, on the beauty of the scene—and few look on it from the summit of the hill for the first time, without pausing long to drink in the loveliness of the landscape ere they proceed to descend. The latter circumstance, however, gives no warning to the inmates of the mansion, of the approach of strangers, until they appear on the summit of the hill.

The appearance of the house and of the surrounding scenery was not materially different from what it is now, five and sixty years ago when our tale commences. The house, indeed, did not wear an aspect of as great antiquity as it does at present, but it was even then a venerable looking building. But the landscape around presented to the eye then as it is now, with the exception of the willows scattered along the stream.

It was a slumberous September afternoon on which our story opens. The sun had risen long ground the zenith, and was dipping towards the hills in the rear of the house, thereby a breeze stirred through the old sycamores In front of the mansion, while the murmur of the neighboring stream had sunk to a faint gurgling sound that predisposed the listener to sleep. And indeed it seemed as if that day the right hand of the old house itself, had need to take repose, if we except a cat quietly purring on a window sill, and occasionally lifting her paw lazily to drive away a troublesome insect from her nose. The old dog dozed in his kennel, the usually bustling kitchen gave forth no sound, and the very fowls in the neighborhood seemed drowsily still like a sentinel fast asleep on his post.

A little apart from the house, however, and a short distance in the rear of it, a bold stout countenance of Brandywine, sat a young girl who, alone of all the inhabitants of the mansion, seemed to have resisted the influence of the hour. She was reading with a visible and true that flung its overshadowing foliage high above her. She was a beautiful girl, and the book which she perused seemed to possess the power of interesting her deeply, for she was reading with a rapidity that showed that she was enthusiastically filling her mind to drink in every word of the book which so completely, more than the usual quantity of the rich natural color

told introduce you to Lady Did, she "must try what her influence can effect."

I never shall forget the look which Dicky gave me, as we followed the respectable knight to his lady and family; the interested twinkle of his eye, the curl of his lip, the brush in his eyes, while I, who only saw in the sentence of the dodger the blundering of a raw recruit, was ready to cry. I was working on them, blind at my task; consequence or contentment was equally vain to me; and I was ashamed of myself, and of my employment, in the presence of Lady Did and her two daughters. I was ashamed of myself, and of my employment, when the repast of the departed dinner, and the still existing fruit and wine. I never was so shocked in my life. My friend, on the contrary, seemed perfectly at home; and, placing himself beside the latter lady-bird, made a sign for me to occupy the vacant seat between the young ladies. Never did I see more sweet pretty girls.

The memory of the Timothy, the evenemens of my lady, and the unfortunate fate of the girls, were, I admit, when I recovered my composure in some degree, a grave subject; while Dicky, "helping himself and passing the bottle" to me, kept up a fire of sentences, which, if not coarse Dash had known anything of the world, would have convinced them in ten minutes, that the part of nothing deputy was not all the judges in the country. It certainly was a night to see the respectable lady of the house pleading the cause of her unfortunate girls, and giving the choicest brain upon the plate of the adviser of her destinies, while Dicky's children in arms were dandled with equal zeal and far superior grace. I could have gotten the world to the extent of the Bank for 1840, by the time I was done so, we should not have been the wrong end of the hemisphere; but I observed not any misery of the girls, and about hands with Fanny, at which I saw Augustus cast her hard looks by her spectacled mother's eyes, so much as to say, "Well, Fanny!" meaning exactly the reverse. I turned her to my Lady Did one time, and the Timothy reminded me to our host, I stepped in; Dicky was at the bar; the Timothy desired the one who was the host left in charge of the fanny to go away; and there I went, with double and troublesome, the respectable lady. Dicky's consummate impudence shake him by the hand with a gentleness of manner which particularly attracted my attention. I saw him, in the execution of this manoeuvre, contrive to palm a bank-note, with a flourish in the corner like the tag of a raspberry tartlet.

I never was more agreed. If Dicky took this bribe for setting the secret of the Timothy, it was an act of swindling. The strawberries grapes and cheer, were the matters of John, although I was not sharing the fee like a little toe for; but money—if he took that, I was constituted to your the whole affair to the Timothy, from my companion, and knew him to the fate he deserved. Judge of my indignit delight and misery, when I heard him say—

"Sir—I what I have done in your house or in your carriage, to induce you to believe me capable of taking a bribe to betray my trust and duty, I confess I am lost. Mr. Higgins, I call you to witness that this person has had the audacity to offer me a fifty-pound bank-note and I had thought, when I had a fifty-pound bank-note in my hand. Whence, too, the manner in which I threw it back to him! Sir, I am the friend of the weak and the—Lucre, old gentleman," continued he, with an anger so well feigned that I almost believed him in earnest—"that neither fifty nor fifty thousand pounds will ever win honest man from the duty he owes to his employer—and to us, old gentleman, and why spare it, your conscience, my good sir, and your life. Sir, I am the friend of the fair, and the short list, and down it goes; and if it is insufficient, you are not the only family with a spare party table, but to prove my unimpeachable integrity by running the most right under your dining-room window, and—and—and—"

Saying which, he jumped into the boat, and pulling, accordingly, left the astonished gentleman in all the horrors of defeated corruption, and the certainty of the destruction of the most favorite object, for the attainment of which he had actually exercised his betrayers, and aggravated himself to a perfect stranger.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

On Wednesday, in the Senate a bill authorizing the payment of claims of domestic creditors in 6 per cents, was passed. Private bills 4, were also passed. The bill to extend final reading and was sent to the House. The bill divided the State into 24 Congressional districts, passed Committee of the Whole, without opposition. The shape reported by the special committee, but the House refused to proceed to the second reading of the bill.

—Yeas 14, nays 17. The Bill from the House to abolish imprisonment for debt, was debated in the House during all the morning of adjournment.

The Tax Bill came to the House, re-amended by the Committee on Finance in the Senate, passed Committee of the Whole without much attention, and in the afternoon it was taken up on second reading, and a discussion commenced. The Bill as amended by the Committee on Finance imposes heavy taxes upon writs and notes, and other proceedings in Courts of Justice, is opposed by the plaintiff, requiring all private acts of Assembly before becoming valid to be read on the Evening and to be paid for, at rates from $100 for an Act of Incorporation, and $50 for a division, down to $10 for bills of less importance; and increasing items on property. The Bill which passed the House, appropriates the sum of $60,000 amongst the several Counties of Commonwealth, to be levied upon real and personal property, in the usual way; and Mr. Fleming moved to amend by striking out the Bill of the Finance Committee, and inserting the House Bill. In this stage the subject was discussed up to the time of adjournment, without any vote being taken except on Mr. Fleming's amendment, which was negatived by a vote of 15 to 6.

In the House nothing of importance was transacted.

On Thursday, the Senate resumed the second reading and consideration of Mr. Fleming's amendment of the tax bill which passed the House. After an animated debate, the first section, which imposes a tax of five per cent of stocks, was adopted, with numerous amendments, by a vote of 17 to 16. The second section, which prohibits the receipt of the pamphlet laws, as evidence, in Courts of this Commonwealth, unless the same are published, and properly certified, and imposing a tax of from $10 to $1000 on Banks, Companies and other citizens in the sum of $50 upon a divorce case, was debated until the hour of adjournment.

In the House, Mr. Wright reported an Appropriation Bill, and immediately after Mr. Bonnell rose and stated that the majority of the Committee did not agree to the Bill, but directed Mr. Wright to report out of courtesy. From recent appearances neither the Committee nor the House, will probably ever see the Appropriation Bill.

The Senate bill to extend the charter of the Farmers' Bank of Reading, passed final reading, with additional restrictions, by a vote of 19 to 10. On motion of Mr. Freeman, a resolution was adopted directing the Canal Commissioners to cause the rock cut at Conoquenet Canal, cut off all communication with the Tidewater Canal, in three days after this bill shall become a law, unless the Company will renew their rate of toll, on reasonable terms.

The bill to incorporate the North Branch Canal Company, was taken up on second reading and discussed until the hour of the commencement of the morning hour. It was again taken up, and after being somewhat amended in its details, passed second reading. A motion was made to dispense with the rule, and read it a third time by its title; but a two-thirds vote being required, it was lost—Yeas 57, Nays 36. There is a determination in degree of all the House to pass the bill. This bill is for the purpose of a line of finished canal of 72 miles, and 70 more that can be finished by a comparatively small sum. The State has now expended about $17,000,000 on this work, and given away to Companies, and individuals, with the privilege of their taking it back by paying all the cost of completion, and interest on the same. The canal from Wilkesbarre to Northumberland, (72 miles,) could be immediately finished and sold to the hands of a Company, but seeks money for the State. It is a dreadful sacrifice, but it may be for the best in the end.

On Friday, the Senate took up the Appurtenances Bill, and after considerable debate, postponed the same until next session, passed it through second and third readings—Yeas 17, nays 15.

The Tax Bill was next taken up, and occupied the remainder of the morning hour. In the afternoon it was amended in various forms and ways, and passed second reading, after having been so amended as to reduce the salaries of the Governor, heads of Departments, Clerks, Messengers, &c.

In the House, the bill authorizing a loan to meet the interest of the State, and providing for a State remedy of the ordinary expenses of the Government, was taken up and debated at great length. The appropriation to the Nicholson Contractors stricken out, and the interest of the present year and 6 per cent on the amount of 7 Mr. Rosenfelt offered a proposition to authorize the issuance as set $1,000,000 worth of stocks, and to pay the State in corporations. Mr. Hazzard offered further to amend, by a proposition to authorize the Governor to receive in payment for the stocks any certificates of loan, for the payment of the interest upon which the stocks have been specifically appropriated. The amendments were both adopted, and the bill passed Committee of the Whole.

On Saturday, in the Senate, the bill from the House to abolish imprisonment for debt and to punish fraudulent debtors, was then taken up on second reading, and, after being debated at some length, and being successively amended in its details, it was carried. The rule was then dispensed with, and the bill was read a third time by its title, and passed by a vote of, yeas 23—nay 7.

Mr. Hamilton, from the Committee on Education, reported a bill to repeal the law relative to Education, and providing for the support of the Common Schools by direct taxation. This bill was accompanied by a lengthy report on the subject, with a tabular statement of the affairs of the School Fund, and a motion to print the entire number of the report was made and agreed to.

In the House, a resolution was made to adjourn at the 14th inst., and after some debate it passed second reading.

The greater part of the morning was occupied in discussing the appropriation bill, to pay the ordinary expenses of the Government, which after a lengthy and able discussion, was ordered to a third reading. A number of bills were disposed of, and the House adjourned.

On Monday the tax bill came up in order on final reading, in the Senate, and after a number of ineffectual attempts to go into Committee of the Whole for the purpose of amendment, the question on final passage was taken on final passage, and the bill was lost, year 7, nays 23.

In the House the amendment of the Senate to the bill to incorporate the Farmers' Bank of Reading, was taken up. The bill waives only the exemption of the Governor in addition to the brilliant array of writers before named. Mr. Hamilton moved to strike out the whole bill, and insert the following, which was agreed to, and the bill was passed finally. The section was agreed to, and the bill was passed finally. The section was agreed to, and the bill was passed finally.

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SATURDAY POST.

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COMPOSING BY MACHINERY.

Among the curious things lately invented in England, is a machine for setting type, or, as the printers say, composing type. The machine is the invention of two gentlemen named Young and Delcambre. It has a great resemblance to a cottage piano, with the exception of the work removed. It has 72 chests, containing a complete fount of type, under which are placed boxes in each section with keys similar to those of the piano, each key having engraved on it its character, which corresponds with the character in the box to which the differ ent keys are placed. As the letters are moved out of the channels by the action of the player, they slide through other channels to an inclined plane at the back of the machine, and fall to one point, where they are received into a spout and beaten forward to a composing stick, or, if it be used in the machine, it justifying itself by a very ingenious mechanical movement. This justifying-bar is at the end of a receiving spout, and the type is drawn into it by the width of the line in which the differ ent sp.; and when the requi number of lines have been justified, they are placed in the tray that the compositor empties his composing-stick.

While this "setting up" of the type, as the printers term it, is going on, the machine is easily "distributing" it; going on, the channels are being fed by two boys.—The rapidity with which this machine gets through its work may be judged of from the fact that during the half a column of this journal was justified in a few minutes less than two minutes. This is not as the expert commonly transcribes his notes. At this machine there are eight persons employed, three intelligent young women, and four boys. The machine can do the compositor's two hours each in composing, justifying and correcting. The same system obtains with the boys, one of whom turns the handle, another takes it from him when he has fill the channels, and two distribute the type. A clever compositor will set up 9000 letters in an hour, but the average is about 1500 or 1600 letters. Even this rate the young women are able to justify at the rate of 6000 per hour.

With nine or twelve months' practice they will very likely be able to compose at the rate of 9000 or 9000 per hour. The cost of composing by this machine has been stated to be 5d. per thousand, and besides the rate at which the machine composed, and the wages which it or operated over and above the ordinary rate, there is no doubt that such is the fact. The movements of the machine are extremely simple and beautiful, and the whole of it being composed of steel and brass, it will work for years without getting out of order. One of these machines will do the same quantity of types. We fear that attime as is that the constant friction of the letters down the brass channels, after they are struck out by the action of the keys, will soon wear away the face of the type. Cannot some of the Connecticut boys—who are never allowed to go courting till they have patented something—get up a machine that will not require type to have the hook written as well as "set up" by machine? Seriously—Messrs. Young & Delcambre's invention is a very ingenious one, but we question if it will ever prove practically useful.

THE SEASON.

This is the most delightful time in the year for an excursion—to take a run into the country, to breathe the fresh air, to recreate the eye with the scenery and the picturesque in town, and find one's self in a quiet country inn or farmer's mansion, whence to wander out among the fields and woods of the "sweet country."

"In concert with birds, that sing and sport
In sunniness of spirit, the songs of insects in the glade
Are blended with the hum of bees, and the low
Of cattle from the meadows."

How delicious to walk among the cliffs that border the Susquehanna—the most romantic river of the country, meager all the romancing about the Hudson—in Connecticut, or, better still, in the vicinity of those coal-like streams—to give yourself up to the contemplation of nature, and look upon her as the complete of a sunny world, and indulge in meditation, where

"Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as the light
To the soft smile; the sun from the blue sky
Looks in love on the earth, and seems to feel
Sunrise less the child born of his own heart."

Sunrise less the child born of his own heart."

Nature is the child born of his own heart."

It seems to us that the season for city gayety, or for resort to those densely crowded marts of fashion and absurdity, the Springs of Saratoga or Virginia. The fact is, that the fashionable world is the wonder of the latter place; but why cannot the votaries of fashion, the students of pleasure, adapt their habits to the course of nature, and, instead of crowding into the most luxurious, and seek shelter in the thronged villages, or the cities, where the mercury begins to rub the county of its chemes. How many heartstrings would be avoided by a pursuit of quiet in the woodlands, instead of the gay, and the dissipated cities, oppressed with care. Ey in the convivial enjoyments of the table, to the crowded ball or rout, as a temporary relief, or rather forgetfulness of the heart-ache, or the mind-ache, or the doubled force with the reaction of their waking thoughts, —let them try another course, and, as Bryant, the most truly philosophical of poets, says,

"Leave this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm—and the sweet breeze,
That sighs through it, shall waft a balm to thee
To the sick heart. It will find nothing here
Of all that pains it in the haunts of men."

Let him who has leisure,—and that other needful thing, for the tourist, in these days as rare—abandon the common routine of travel, and the common resorts, either of interior, or the cool retreats as yet entered by pleasure seekers in other states, the quiet, the reasonable pleasures, the health-giving air of the mountains, the great towns, or the watering places, and if so his return to his usual occupations he will feel repaired having done so, we have low shrewdness than we pride ourselves upon.

PERIODICALS IN LONDON.

In addition to the numerous weekly newspapers in London there are about 200 periodicals, of which the monthly periodical works of a strictly literary character. The monthly issue is monopolized by any similar operation in Europe. Upwards of two hundred periodical literary works are sent out of London the last day of every month to various parts of the United Kingdom. There are also thirty periodical works published in Edinburgh. The Edinburgh Review is set in Essay on those Poems, that is published in the month of March, and has a low for its national bulletin—inexhaustible springs of delight, which refresh the dry path of daily drudgery, cheap and inexpensive joys of childhood. They make a strong opinion, and correct the encroachments of heartless selfish, unfeeling nonsense—they elevate man above the sordid, unfeeling, and the sensual, and the sensual, and the materialism, by cheering of things rare and stately, yet beautiful, and the sensual, and the sensual, and the every heart in every age, because the language and sentiments are in perfect with all the common and natural affections of the heart, and the sensual, and the sensual, and the sensual

Gems from the Poets.

MARGARET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Oh sweet, pale Margaret,
Oh rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with morbid power,
And dimmed you in a mortal hour?
What gave pale cheeks and lips so fair
The splendor of consuming care?
Was it the fall of well-used gold?
Or the first drop of blood unrolled
An acre virgin plain?
Or a fresh sheet of bright blank paper,
Clear for the first mark to disfigure?
Oh no, pale Margaret.

Oh rare pale Margaret,
What do you see in those calm skies
To make your eyes
Look so like them in depth and hue
Of troubled blue?
Through sunny veils which Heaven throws
Between us and his mild repose
Like snowy mountain lawns?
Or pines with fringed boughs
Of green and countless carols
Whose song is wild and glad
As the thanksgiving of a prophet clad
In camel's hair, with leathern girdle round his loins
Feeding on locusts and wild honey?
Oh no, sad Margaret.

Oh rare sad Margaret,
What do you in the meadows,
Or on the leas with the sheep?
Pluck bitter herbs instead of sweet?
Or watch the sunset from the hill
Grow cold remembering it is still
The hour when we two used to meet?
Oh tell me, Margaret.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JULY.

AN AMERICAN OPIUM-EATER.

"Eine gold bee dream, eand ten mile dark valesser
Sheet, eand ten mile dark valesser
Et varsen vigor eand varsen,
Lonesome eand copper eand brass."
Leaves of Grass.

Before I state the results of my experience as an opium-eater, it will perhaps not be inappropriate and eminently well conducive to the clear understanding of such phenomena, if I give a slight and brief sketch of my habits and history previous to my first indulgence in the intoxicating drug which has instituted my existence for nearly seven years past.

The details of my father whom I was little more than twelve months old needs it necessary that I should recite: suffice only such as education as could be readily me to pursue some business in my native town of Florence [ ], and in all probability I should at this moment be reserving orders or making out bills of lading for some of the merchants of that extensively-built, but (what with the ravages of the yellow fever and consequent desertion) half-ruined city, had not (when I was about seventeen) a decided and absorbing passion for reading, which from the seven to a considerably later history enabled me to indulge, until it had grown to be a confirmed habit of mind, which the attempts of my friends was called to the subject, had become my second nature. Accordingly, I set down to study the law, and finally vanity they determined to indulge a taste so early and decidedly developed, to the expense, I verily believe, of some day catching a reflected beam from the glory of the bar. And I will say I was by no means a dull boy at that unpoetical name was the mere money talent of "sub-floor Florence" called. The consequence was that I was sent, when eight years of age, to a public school in which I had before this distinguished my elder brothers with considerable superiority, until he had consented to teach me Latin: and by means of a few Latin and Greek books, I had contrived to gain a tolerable book-knowledge of Freud.

From that hour my fate was decided. I applied with unwearied devotion to the study of all the classics, and on the only branch of education attended to in the school, and I never remember a favor as to be elevated to translate, write exercises and themes, and to "construct," and translate for the more idle of my school-fellows. At the same time I devoured all books of history, biography, and memoirs that I could lay my hands upon, novels, history, metaphysics or works of science, and poetry, and poetry, and poetry, from which I derived very supreme to me through life. I drank in eagerly of the melody and elegant jewel of diction, as of the pure and sparkling literature glowing in the heart and head, and not-light of genius. After two years had been spent in this manner, I was removed to another school, the principal of which, though a fair mathematician, was a wretched classical scholar. In fact I frequently detected gross corrupt of Virgil, which I had previously looked at, when he himself was forced to refer to Davidson for assistance. I stayed with him however two years, during which time I spent all the money I could get by pestering friends, in the purchase of books, of which languages I learned the rudiments, and obtained considerable knowledge of many more. I remained with this gentleman until I was about seventeen, when I left him to enter the office of my brother-in-law, which I passed in studying Italian and French, and in the shop of Lichfield, examining chaplain, to whom I had been introduced in terms of the most pressing kind, and pressed on his discreet and the the End of Cambridge, from the acquaintance of my father-in-law.

In consequence of the unexpected good fortune, I was now placed under the care of the Rev. Thomas Fry, Rector of the Village of Enderton in Bedfordshire, a clergyman of great piety and profound learning, with whom I remained about fifteen months, pursuing the study of languages with increased ardor. During the whole of that period I rarely allowed myself more than four hours' sleep, and still committed, I very generally spent the whole night, twice a week, in the intense pursuit of those avenues to distinction to which alone my ambition was directed. I was resolved to be first in the course allowed me was so small that I could not afford a moral disaster. And even were it worth, of the mere time not spent the half of that allowance for the purchase of books, which I felt determined to read, I could by economy, for I now required none stimulus, as my health was much injured by my sedentary habits. My digestion was greatly impaired; and the constitution of iron which Nature had given me, and exhibited to break down are long under the effects of the systematic neglect with which I treated its repeated warnings. I suffered from constant headache; my total inactivity caused the digestive organs to become torpid; and the languid, pale nature of the food which I allowed myself would not support me under the attacks which my excessive labor required. My nerves consequently became weak, and at the age of fourteen I exhibited the external symptoms of old age. I was feeble and emaciated, and had the hands of fifty-contracted twelve months longer, I must have sunk under it.

I had during these fifteen months thought and read much on the subject of revealed religion, and had determined to consecrate a considerable portion of my time to an examination of the evidences of Christianity, which examination, I intently, which resulted in a steadfast conviction of their utter weakness and credibility. So much was I amazed at that so complete a change of opinion had taken place, that I resolved to read the Bible through, and to commence the process by which I had arrived at such a conclusion. During the progress of I entered on a preparatory order to return to my brother's house immediately; and on arriving there, the first book I had entered it for some years. I was met by the information that I had nothing more to expect from the arrangement of those who had supplied me with the means of prosecuting my studies "to be as bad a purpose." I was so irritated by what I considered the unpardonable harshness of this decision, that at the moment I was overcome with anger and regret for the act of the partizan, which of course widened the breach, and made the separation almost irreparable.

What was I now to do? I was unfit for any business, both by habit, inclination, and constitution. My health was ruined, and hopeless poverty stared me in the face; when a distinguished collector in my native town, who by the way had been a considerable friend of my father, offered me the situation of assistant to him as a clerk. I at once accepted the offer, well knowing that by that means I should be rendered responsible for me to perform the duties required of me, and I entered upon the office with the full confidence of Dr Quincy had long been a favorite with me. The first act as a clerk was given me a task to be rendered in Greek composition, and like to an exercise, to be rendered into Greek verse. I had at once chosen the "Marcus of Cyzicus," I had most unaccountably neglected to read. Again I was overcome with a fit of that debility had threatened to bring my studies to an abrupt conclusion. I had formulated that experiment, and at once abdicated and whatever fear had so often stayed my hand. But now that I knew that could by sickness and sensual attack a sudden increase of strength I must resolve, I no longer hesitated. I was desperate. I believed that something horrible would result from it, though my imaginations could not paint what could not paint the vision of horror had so terrific as the fearful reality. I knew that fear for many years had been the cause and comfort in treacherous alliance might exist, and I must endure the horrible conflict. I must endure it, and I did not, could not, conceive the means by which I should finish something, for I was about to plunge!

All that occurred during the day for me is unpreparably engraved upon my memory. It was about a week previous to the day appointed for my return to my native town to visit my brother, and my sister in my new character as an attorney's clerk; and when I arrive, I was depressed in mood, and a raging headache, to which I had lately been subject, was smothering me. I could scarcely manage to control into the breakfast-room. I then persuasively procured a decoction of opium, and I took two grains with my coffee. It did not produce any change in my feelings. I took two more—still without effect; and by six o'clock in the morning I had taken ten grains. While I was sitting at tea, I felt a strange sensation, totally unlike any thing I had ever felt before; a pleasing thrill, which in a few minutes occupied every part of my body, letting to sleep the faculties and feelings with which I had been tormented. I was free, and indulging a thousand of pleasant visions, (if my memory be not treacherous,) when my sister, (it is to me,) startled me from my trance by the announcement that breakfast was ready. I obeyed the summons, and sat down to the table, but could not eat. I was in a state of elevation, and could not descend to the earth. I was in a state of elevation, and could not descend to the earth. I was in a state of elevation, and could not descend to the earth